THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849 WHOLE NO. 1445.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES R. FINK.

Two years for wards, thy spirit has departed
To seek its kindred in the world above;
Where dwell the good, the true and noble hearted,
Whom God hath chosen residents of His love.
Where thy freed spirit, in its change delighting,
Will contemplate joys unknown to mortal theme,
While angel voices, in one strain uniting,
Proclaim thy welcome with exciting zeal.

But, though their dwellers in the realms of gladness,
Our sinful nature prompts us still to mourn,
Our hearts still droop beneath the spell of sadness,
For thou hast left us never to return.
No more thy presence shall our pathway brighten,
Thy voice no more shall cheer the listening ear,
Thy radiant smile no more our sadness lighten,
Nor thy sweet smile diffuse its gladness here.

The household star, that gleamed with warm affection,
Burst with the light of brotherhood fire;
The social star, with its beauty reflection,
No more with rapture shall our hearts inspire.
As planets from the sun their brightness borrow
From thy glad possession our lights were drawn,
But now, condemned to emptiness of sorrow,
Our hearts are wandering on!

In vain we seek for mental consolation,
Some theme elicit some of our grief to find,
At every step some sad association
Brings to memory thoughts of thee, to the mind.
Some fond memorial, of thy own kind caring,
Some lasting flower that then did'st plant while living,
That stands our grief with its glad blossoming.
The bird then loved'st for its joyous singing
Is mute, and seems to mourn with us in silence since.
The solemn chancellor, on each Sabbath ringing,
Seems tolling out the knell of departed joys.
And where we loved around the family altar,
To render sacred homage to our Father's God,
Our sorrows trouble and our voices falter,
Till all the household is in tears bedewed.

But vain is all our sorrow—all our weeping,
We cannot wander the last time death has come;
We cannot wake the form from its cold sleeping,
Nor can we bring the spirit back to earth.
And it is opposite then to be rejoicing
Over the wise fate which summoned thee from God,
Though it be death which is the heart's inflicting
Or how submissive to affliction's rod.

We must submit to Heaven's most just decision—
It was but just that we should part with thee.
A precious God hath sent us from affection,
For our affection was idolatry.

May thy sad, once sad country not doth sever,
Each worshipful yearning from our hearts expel,
That we may meet thee in the realms of heaven,
In the bright land where thou hast gone to dwell!

Salem Co., N. J.

Pictures of Life.

THE CHILD STEALER

(CONTINUED)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV

While waiting for the public announcement of the murder, Mr. Milford was not idle. Independent of the police, as many individuals, friends and relatives of the murdered man, set the service, were engaged, night and day, in searching every place in the city and its vicinity where the least hope of finding the fugitive tempted them to go. But, days came and went, and no tidings were received of the child, or intelligence.

In the meantime, the mother's distress became so great as to deprive her of reason. The loss of her babe, and the terrible anguish that followed, were more than she could bear, and she sank under them.

How faithfully had Alfred Milford performed the sorrowful duty!

The morning opened in smiles—the day advanced with its rosy hours; all was bright and golden; gradually, the sun, in its state, cautiously gathered around; and there was no sign of the storm at hand.

It was just one week from the day on which his child had disappeared, that Mr. Milford received a letter written in a female hand, and that there was a stranger at one of the hotels, who had in her possession an infant, and that answering to the description of the lost child in the conditions of Mrs. Milford had by this time become really alarming. Her body had yielded as well as her mind, and the family physician could give to the anxious inquiries of her friends but few answers of encouragement.—Still, it was necessary that he leave her, and seek to recover the infant; and on that evening Mr. Milford left for Albany. Arrived in that city, he called, soon after daylight, upon the individual who had written to him. After introducing himself, Mr. Milford requested him to be good to the suspected person.

"Where is she?" was among his first questions.

"At the City Hotel?"

"Is she alone, young woman?"

"No. From what I could learn—I have not seen her myself—she and her husband that was between forty and fifty."

Mr. Milford sighed heavily and shook his head.

"The girl who had my child, and whom we have every reason to believe to be dead, is off, was not over fifteen years of age," said he.

"But she may have been an accomplice, you know, engaged in the villainy."

"True. Very true." And the face of Mr. Milford brightened. "And now, sir, will you let me know about this woman, and why you were led to suppose that the child was in her care and that she was a—"

To this the man answered,

"I am a member of the Church. About a week ago I was summoned to call upon one of the sisters, when he stated that he had, for an hour before, been visited by a woman who appeared in distress and deeply affected in deeply. She was the recent widow, he said, of an old friend, to whom he had been much indebted, and of whose death up to that moment, he had not been apprised. She had corresponded with the deceased before he left home, and had been disappointed his excellent wife, although it so happened that she was not informed of the fact. The woman who represented herself as being the man's wife, and stated that the expense of travelling had been so much greater than she had anticipated, as to exhaust her pecuniary supply of money, and put her under the painful and exceedingly disagreeable necessity of applying to the old friend of her husband for aid. Upon reading all Mr. ——— is a man of ready sympathies, and had little perception of character and knowledge of the world. To his friend, as I said, he was warmly attached; and the appearance of his widow, with a helpless babe in her arms, melted his heart in an instant. He did not think of questioning the truth of the woman's story. Every word was implicitly believed. From his own slender purse he supplied the dollars, and presented numbers of his parishioners to her cause. In all I do not think he obtained less than fifty dollars, which were placed in her hands. At the first interview he held with the woman, he desired her to call upon him in his house, during her stay in Albany. But she excused herself by saying that, as she was at the hotel, and only intended staying for a very short time, she preferred not making any change, especially as her doing so must put his family to some inconvenience. He would not listen to this, at first, but found himself unable to induce her to come into his family.

"Instead of pushing on eastward, the woman she obtained a supply of money, the most was still lingered, and after she had got all out of Mr. ——— that she was likely to get, commenced experimenting on the sympathies of another minister living in another part of the town, and belonging to a different denomination. To this person she did not come with no plausible a story, nor was he a man so likely to be deceived. In a word, he suspected that she was an impostor, and quiet round her as closely that she was glad to get out of his way as soon as possible. The babe in her arms, he noticed, lay in a deep slumber. The thought, why he did not know, glanced through his mind that this sleep was not natural; and the questioned her closely on this head, and even went so far as to threaten to call a physician to see it.

"In she still at the City Hotel?" enquired Mr. Milford.

"She was there yesterday."

"Did you learn by what name she passed?"

"Yes. It was Graves."

After enquiring, warmly, his thanks and promising a call and visit to the man knew the result of his inquiries in regard to the woman, Mr. Milford went to the City Hotel. After looking into the list, he found the name he was in search of, and proceeded to the room.

"Is there a Mrs. Graves here?"

She left for Buffalo yesterday," was the answer he received.

Mr. Milford, nearly against the bar, for the reply caused his knees to tremble.

"For Buffalo?" he said, in an agitated tones.

"Yes, sir," simply answered the bar-tender.

"Had she a child with her?"

"She had."

"Of what age?"

"It was very young. Only a few months old."

"Do you think it was her own child?"

"I never thought otherwise."

"Was there a young girl with her?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice anything that seemed strange about the woman or child?"

"Well, as to that, I must confess that I did the case, she said, from Boston. But a man who came in with her, and who appeared to be her husband, mentioned her as a fellow passenger from that city. I was standing, and paid no further attention. Other things that I have learned lately me that she is a kind of begging impostor. Her husband, she could have told me, she had was not her own. Has any one lost a young child?"

"Yes. One has been stolen from me."

"From you?"

"No, sir," he said to suppose that the woman ill-treated the child she had.' Did you ever hear it crying?"

"No, sir. It was always sleeping when I saw her with it."

"Did you ever see the child with her?"

"Always."

"Did she feed it, or nurse it herself? Or, don't you know?"

"She was supplied with milk every day, no doubt for the child."

"She left for Buffalo, yesterday, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Then I must follow after her in the next train," said Mr. Milford, turning away, and leaving the room, for he was afraid that he was a man half intoxicated. He had hoped to find the woman at the hotel, and end all enquiries in regard to her there, but was also aware of the necessity of following her up, and that without delay. Back he had flown, and was a day in advance of him on her way Westward, and might elude all his efforts to find her.

With the next train of cars, Mr. Milford, although he had already travelled all night, was wanted for Buffalo. On the way he enquired of conductors, agents, and all others likely to have noticed the man and his wife, but the individual who had written to him. After interviewing himself, Mr. Milford proceeded to the jail to the suspected person.

"Where is she?" was among his first questions.

"At the City Hotel?"

"Is she a very young woman?"

"No. From what I could learn—I have not seen her myself—she and her husband that was between forty and fifty."

Mr. Milford sighed heavily and shook his head.

"The girl who had my child, and whom we have every reason to believe to be dead, is off, was not over fifteen years of age," said he.

"But she may have been an accomplice, you know, engaged in the villainy."

"True. Very true." And the face of Mr. Milford brightened. "And now, sir, will you let me know about this woman, and why you were led to suppose that the child was in her care and that she was a—"

To this the man answered,

"I am a member of the Church. About a week ago I was summoned to call upon one of the sisters, when he stated that he had, for an hour before, been visited by a woman who appeared in distress and deeply affected in deeply. She was the recent widow, he said, of an old friend, to whom he had been much indebted, and of whose death up to that moment, he had not been apprised. She had corresponded with the deceased before he left home, and had been disappointed his excellent wife, although it so happened that she was not informed of the fact. The woman who represented herself as being the man's wife, and stated that the expense of travelling had been so much greater than she had anticipated, as to exhaust her pecuniary supply of money, and put her under the painful and exceedingly disagreeable necessity of applying to the old friend of her husband for aid. Upon reading all Mr. ——— is a man of ready sympathies, and had little perception of character and knowledge of the world. To his friend, as I said, he was warmly attached; and the appearance of his widow, with a helpless babe in her arms, melted his heart in an instant. He did not think of questioning the truth of the woman's story. Every word was implicitly believed. From his own slender purse he supplied the dollars, and presented numbers of his parishioners to her cause. In all I do not think he obtained less than fifty dollars, which

heart. A downward stage conveyed him back to his store; and soon after his return there the friend who had brought information about the woman and child came in.

"Did you see them?" he asked with earnestness.

"Yes. But it isn't my child," replied Milford, in a sad voice and with a mournful shake of the head.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. I'm sure! Could I be mistaken in my own babe?"

"Even if it be not your child, I am certain that it does not belong to the woman who has it in possession."

"And so am I," said Mr. Milford, arousing as he spoke from the lethargy into which his mind had fallen. "We must see to this. As I would have others do in regard to my lost one, so will I do by this child, under the supposition that it has been stolen away from its parents. The woman must be taken up and rigidly questioned by the police. Every woman who was bringing with a babe in her possession, ought to be arrested and made to prove that it is her own, or the horrible crime of child-stealing will be encouraged and spread with fearful rapidity.

"You are right," replied the friend. "In that I agree with you, and will join you in giving a rigid scrutiny into the pretensions of the woman. Who knows to what it may lead, or what revelations it may bring forth?"

"And I," said Mr. Milford, quickly, catching with eagerness at this suggestion. "There may be a gang of these wretches, and the arrest of one will probably throw light upon the designs of all."

The information of the woman as residing under the suspicion of child-stealing, being laid before one of the police magistrates, an order was made to have her apprehended, and she was brought up by an officer. She seemed much alarmed at first, but gradually gained self-possession and boldness. Mr. Milford was present at her examination.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Mallon," was replied without hesitation.

"Is that your child?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old is it?"

"Five months."

"Do you belong to this city?

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"I am stopping now away up in Second Avenue."

"You were certain that this is your own child?"

"Indeed, and I am."

"There has been a doubt expressed on the subject."

"I think I ought to know better than any one else," said the woman boldly.

"I must have evidence of the fact," said the magistrate. "Can you produce such evidence."

"Certainly I can." The woman did not speak so confidently as at first.

Very well. Let me have the name of some one that can be examined to give testimony in proof of what you assert."

The woman hesitated, and that look a threat of commitment was uttered by the magistrate, the woman gave the name of a person, for which a summons was made out and given to an officer. That official did not have to go to Second Avenue. The witness lived close by. And was soon in the room. Pressed to be by girl not over fourteen, who looked pale and sickly, and who carried the child in her arms. The man threw upon her an earnest and meaning look as she entered.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

Jane Grant," replied the girl, in a low, unsteady voice.

The book was handed to her and a solemn oath administered.

"Jane," said the magistrate, "I now want you to understand, that whatever testimony you give here, must be the truth, and only the truth. You have taken an oath on the holy book to tell the truth, and you will give correct evidence, and your failing to do so will be perjury, a crime punished by years of imprisonment."

He then looked at the person who had been arrested, and said,—

"Do you know this woman?"

"Yes," was replied.

"Where does she live?"

"In Pearl Street."

"Is that her child?"

The girl was silent.

"Answer me!" said the magistrate, sternly "Is that her child?"

"No."

"Whose child is it?"

"I don't know."

"Where did she get it?"

"She got it from a woman in Hartford, where we lived."

"Was it the woman's baby?"

"No, sir."

"Whose was it?"

"It belonged, I think, to some rich family there, that didn't want to own it, and got the woman to take it away."

"And she gave it to your aunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it now?"

"I did last month."

"Was it sick long?"

"It was sick most all the time we had it."

"Did your aunt give it medicine?"

"Sometimes."

"What did she give it?"

"Sometimes paregoric."

"Any thing else?"

"Sometimes catnip tea."

"Well, what besides?"

"A little sarsaparilla."

"And laudanum, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who made it so?"

"No murder," said the magistrate, taking a long, sighing breath.

"And this child, also," he resumed, "taken and sworn to as your own?"

"Yes, sir, it's the only way to keep it from crying."

"Did it have laudanum this morning?"

"Yes."

"How many drops?"

"I don't know."

"Did you see it given?"

"Yes."

The child was now taken from the arms of the woman by the magistrate, and found to be in a heavy sleep, or rather torpor. It was a fair and beautiful babe, with high forehead, well formed head, and fine countenance. On examining its clothing, one or two articles were discovered to be of the finest material, and tastefully made.

"Had it this on when your aunt brought it home?" asked the magistrate, pointing to one of these articles.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"Woman!" said the magistrate, sternly, "tell me!—to whom does this child belong?"

The wretch, who was by this time pretty well frightened, stammered out some incoherent reply.

"There has been falsehood enough," said the magistrate.—"let there be no equivocation nor answer any question, or I will commit you to prison. To whom does this child belong?"

"I do not know."

"Where did you get it?"

"From a woman in Sullivan Street."

"It was not her child?"

"No."

"What is her name?"

"Dunn."

"What part of Sullivan Street does she live?"

The woman did not reply to this question.

"Why do you not answer?" I want the number of the house in which the woman from whom you obtained the child lives."

"I don't know the number."

"Near what street is it?"

"I can't remember the name of the street."

"Can you go in the house?"

"I suppose so."

"Very well. Jackson, call a cab: we must see the end of this matter."

While the officer was gone for a cab, the magistrate filled up a summons for Mrs. Dunn. On his return he said, as he handed him the paper—

"Take that woman in the cab, and let her show you where the person lives for whom this summons is made out."

The officer took the woman by the arm, led her out to the cab, and, throwing her in, entered after her. The driver was ordered to take them to Sullivan Street.

Nearly an hour passed before the officer returned, an hour of anxious suspense to Mr. Milford, whose mind was clinging to the hope that some form would be attended during the course of this investigation, throwing light upon his own fate, or giving some clue by which to discover and reclaim his child. A further examination of the girl was made during the absence of the officers, by which it was ascertained that her aunt had only been in New York a short time, whither she came from Philadelphia, on the death of the child obtained at Hartford. This child, it appeared, had been sickly from the first, and gradually pined away until death took it kindly by the hand, and lifted it from a world of suffering into one of comfort and peace.

"How many infants has your aunt obtained and sold in begging?" asked the magistrate.

"Four," replied the girl.

"Did they all die?"

"No, sir."

"How many died?"

"Only one."

"Where are the others?"

"One was taken from her in Worcester."

"By whom?"

"By the Guardians of the Poor, I think she said they were."

"What became of the other?"

The girl did not reply.

"What became of the other?" said the magistrate, in a tone of authority.

"It was sold," answered the girl, in a hesitating voice.

"Sold! To whom?"

"To a man in Boston."

"Why was it sold?"

"The woman had just lost her baby. Aunt went to her and told her that she could offered to take the child and raise it as her own. But aunt said she wouldn't part with it. It was a nice, pretty baby, and the woman wanted it very bad, and so she offered twenty dollars for it. Aunt thought she could get more, and so she did. The woman at last gave her forty dollars, and took the child. I was there when we parted with her. I loved the baby."

"Whose child was it?"

"It belonged to a poor woman who lived over in South Boston. She gave it to aunt."

"Why did she do that?"

"She wasn't a good woman. She drank liquor and swore. I never saw such a wicked woman."

"Where did your aunt get the other child? The one that was taken from her in Worcester?"

"From the almshouse."

"Of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it sick?"

"She went there, one day, in a carriage, all dressed up in black mourning, like a lady, and said that she wanted to get a child to adopt. So they took her to the poor-house, and she picked out the prettiest child she could see, and went away in a carriage with it. She told aunt that she had lost her own child in Broadway, mentioning the number at which Mrs. B——— a rich lady, lives. They told her to come on to New York, and she would be sure to find a child to take a baby."

"Was your aunt kind to these poor little creatures."

"I—I suppose so. I loved them all, and nursed them, and took all the care I could of them."

In the midst of these questions and answers, the officer found himself hanging with his fair person for whom he had the summons, but the other woman had managed to agree from the cab, as he left it to go to the door of the house where they stopped, and make her escape.

Mrs. Dunn, who accompanied the officer, was a well-dressed woman, rather past the middle age. She came hurriedly into the office, and was evidently under strong agitation. Without entering the magistrate, she looked quickly and eagerly around, and darted toward the child the instant her eyes rested upon it. She regarded it only for an instant, when, satisfied with the search, she uttered a cry of joy, and snatching it from the arms of the girl, clasped it with a wild caress in her fears, where she held it in a long, eager embrace. Then her heart melted, and tears of joy and thankfulness rained over her cheeks. After she was more composed, the magistrate said—

"Your name is Mrs. Dunn, I suppose?"

"It is," replied the woman.

"Is that your child?"

"It is."

"Whose is it?"

"It's a child given me to nurse. Its mother died in the city, and I was employed by a lady to raise it for him. Last week my little girl was acting in the passage holding it in her arms. The street door was open. A strange woman stopped, and talked to her about the baby. Then she said it was pretty, and played with it, and while doing so, asked my daughter to call me, as she wanted to see me. I happened to be upstairs. My little girl came, and said there was a woman down stairs who wanted to see me. Where's the baby? I asked. The woman has it!' she said. I went down quickly, but there was no one there. I ran to the door, but the woman was gone into the street with the child. I felt wild. I went back into the house, and looked again in the parlors. The woman was not there. Then I rushed into the street, and ran around the corner into Eighth, and up one street and down another, like a mad woman. But it was no use. The babe was gone! Oh, sir! I thought I should have died. Since then, I have been almost every where, but to no purpose. I dared not go to the police. The babe was his child, and the blow would have been terrible. Day after day I lived in hope of finding the lost one, and its dread lest the father should learn the truth. Heaven! He knows nothing of what has occurred, and I have recovered his treasure. Oh, sir! I am so happy! thanked God!"

And she woman wept and sobbed half hysterically.

"What is the name of the child's father? asked the magistrate.

The woman mentioned the name. He was a stranger to all present. After fully satisfying himself that the statement made was true in every particular, the woman was allowed to take the child away. But the girl was retained in custody for the present. By her own confession, she had been a party to a most flagrant outrage upon the rights of society, and the attempt to steal a woman who had been guilty of the dreadful crime of child stealing, and who had escaped only by the merest chance. Her aunt was also in custody, and would be examined on the morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

THE SINKING OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

"The Royal George" was made to carry one hundred and eight guns, and one thousand men. She was an old ship, and had seen much service. Her hull was rather shot-eaten and high, but she sailed well, and carried the tall, heavy masts of a first-rate. In the year 1782, she was lying at Spithead, where there were twenty or thirty ships of war, lying under command of Lord Howe. It was on the 29th of August, 1782, almost 67 years ago. She was lying off Portsmouth. For some days a leak had been sprung in her bottom, and the carpenter discovered that the water was on board, but slowly and almost imperceptibly. It was thought that the leak was worn out, and must be replaced. That new piece of pipe being three feet under the water, it was needful to heel, or lay the ship a little on one side. To do this, the heavy guns on the larboard side had been run out of the port-holes, and as far as they would go, and the guns on the starboard side brought in, and secured in the same manner. The ship, in fact, was all ship, and had been the pride of the fleet. She had been launched from the dock-yard a small vessel called the Lark came alongside the larboard side of the ship to receive on board the guns, the ranks were put on board on that side, and his added real weight together with the slope of the ship, upon which the guns were placed on the water, and the Royal George sank in less than a minute. Three hundred persons could be gotten! By this dreadful accident about nine hundred persons lost their lives. Admiral Kempenfelt, a brave sailor, was under the water, passing over as you went up, and may now be in Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Then you have no particular information to give me?"

"No, sir; none at all."

Mr. Milford was seemingly disappointed at this reply. The thanks for a new information that would enable him to get upon the track of the fugitive were not given, and he arose immediately. But this hope was dashed to the earth. From the manner of the reply, he was satisfied that the girl knew more than she did not really know any thing more of the person he wished to find than what she had told.

"If you were in search of that woman, which direction would you go?" asked Mr. Milford, as soon as the disturbed state of mind produced by the girl's last reply had, in a measure, subsided.

To this question Jane made no answer for some time. Mr. Milford repeated it. She then said,

"It is more than probable that she has gone to Philadelphia."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Milford.

"Because she is not so well known there as she is in Boston and the towns on East. She knows, I mean, town twice taken up in Boston for wrong acts, and is so well known to the police in that city, that I am sure she has not gone there with the baby."

"Then you think it more than probable that she is on Philadelphia?"

"I should, if I were in search of her, go first to that city."

"And you can get no with me and help me to find her?" said Mr. Milford.

The girl manifested a evident struggle in the mind, but of what precise nature Mr. Milford was not able to determine. She sat with her head bent and resting on the floor, and the rapid and strongly marked changes passed over her face—a face not coarse and sensual, but delicate in outline, and marked with intelligence of more than common interest. As Mr. Milford looked upon her countenance, he was impressed with the fact that but observe the finely pencil of eyebrows, the long dark lashes that drooped upon her cheek, the soft, delicate outline of her face, the increase in its expression, and her feeling that the girl was not constitutionally bad, but that she would entirely at variance with her true character.

"Will you not go with me?" he repeated; and use your best efforts to restore to us our lost child. Place no under that great obligation, and you will make friends of the largest and most influential families in the city."

Jane raised her head and the girl in a low tone, and to the ears of Mr. Milford, a sad voice.

"You can go with me and recognize the woman if you ever meet her?"

There still seemed to be a strong conflict going on in the mind of the girl. She continued for some time.

"I will do what I can," she at length said, "but I am not sure of my ability to recognize the right against strong opposition."

"I will see you again in a very little while," returned Mr. Milford, rising away as he spoke and hurrying from the room in which the young girl was confined.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected Sketch.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1811.

Among those who lived in the borders of the Mississippi Valley in the latter part of the year 1811, there are few, if any, who do not recollect the tremendous earthquake that shook the whole land at that period. There are but also the vast mountains that partly surround it. The origin or cause of this earthquake is supposed to be the existence of a vast lake at the bed of the St. Francis River, in Arkansas some thirty or forty miles square, and about 100 west of Madrid; and its materials, it appears, are not yet exhausted; an scarcely a year passes, but that several shocks are felt in the neighborhood of Madrid, from these caves to ascend.

The following narrative was obtained from an old gentleman now living near the scene of action.

"In the year 1809, in the thirteenth year of my age, my father, with his family emigrated from the state of Kentucky to the New Madrid Eastern corner of the State of Missouri and Territory, on the bank of the Mississippi, in the village of the Little Prairie. The inhabitants of that pleasant little village were all French, except my father's family, (the most of them were from Canada,) and scarcely any of them could speak a word of English. However, there was no difficulty in getting acquainted with them, and we often became, like the rest of the villagers, all of one family. Now, to point out the former location of the village of Little Prairie, would be almost impossible; but it appears to me, that the bank of the river where the village stood, has washed away near three-quarters of a mile back; and the bank on the other side has made near the same distance towards where the village stood. Now, so that the village itself and its lovely days are extinct. The chief employment of the French people consisted in raising cattle, hunting, fishing, and trapping. In hunting, my soul delight ed from my childhood; and, being a Kentuckian, I was wedded to my rifle by nature. I soon imagined myself a favorite in the village, learned a little of the French language, and made a dozen friend of one Jean Baptiste Rebon. Baptiste was a man of about twenty-five; he knew the ranges of the deer and bear, and was expert with the rifle. He was also a famous trapper. In which sport, at that day, was lucrative. For beaver and otter were plenty; and often, for two weeks at a time, Baptiste and myself were in the woods, and I enjoyed myself highly. A solitary one traveller, without creating the least uneasiness lowed as she stood alone, deserted by all her thousand companions, and all else around desolate. Fatigued and hungry, we wandered up and down the shore, gazing on the other side of the opposite

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY M. HORD TAPPAN, M. D.

SPANISH CHARACTER.—A CUBAN DUEL.—ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSION AT HAVANA.—SUNDAY.—HOLY A. B. C.

Jealousy is the predominating element of Spanish character. Observe even a Spanish city, and you see it incorporated into the very materials of which they compose it. Every building is a castle, not indeed as in the feudal days of Venetia Engleria supported of cunning workmen, the crowding drawbridge and warder's horn, but with massive walls to defend the entrance through the inspections of a severe and rigid etiquette, that must have originated in the trait of character under like influence.

The dwelling reciprocates the gloomy and inhuman spirit of the country, and combines much of the wretch of female loveliness within by fettering down the earliest germ with its grim walls. This jealousy does not originate in itself, soon after our arrival in the harbor of Havana. A little boat put off from the quay, decorated with the Genoese most insipid, and acutely caged through the water by a couple of cowardly Spaniards. As it neared us, sitting side by side three functionaries emerged from the awning at the stern, and assuming a very dignified and consequential air, they ascended the gangway, and were underwent a medical, legal and ecclesiastical investigation. The latter, a padre, is in this matter, was obvious enough; and his significant "Santos," as the passport was returned to the captain of the boat, was accompanied by a look of delight his prudential eye, very pleasantly disposed all visions of quarantine. But the process presented occupied by the Lawyer and Priest, relative to the question of stopping on shore, was perfectly new to us. The Spanish Code of Laws with which these functionaries are conducted is highly amusing. In his intercourse with foreigners, the Spaniard is punctiliously dignified and even phlegmatic. An air and tone of solemnity pervades both given and yet conversation, will be more jealously guarding every avenue to anything approaching to familiar intercourse, and in some time fulfilling to the letter the demands of good breeding and politeness. This is especially true of officers under their command. The haughty bearing is carried into their most ordinary transactions; it is not unfrequently met with in senior and entitle luxuriously up to the mark. The foreigner is by no means to be considered as one who has telegraphed to mine hostess, he will be admitted, in order to the enjoyment of the privilege of his way to quarters more comfortable than the quay.

The "Hotel de los Cuelos" was our destination. This is a huge edifice in "Calle de las Oficios"—Street of the Offices—near the Grand Governor's Palace—leading an uncertain kind of existence in which both hippie and quadruped, only a part, the arrival was greatly to the satisfaction of the former class, as establishing by right of majority, (there having been previously a minority of four gentlemen,) view claim to the especial hospitality of the premises; the latter, however, was not discovered, disposed by the occupants of the ground floor with an obscurity that exhibited a just appreciation of the premises; and it was not until we had ascended some vigorous calls and kicks that the tribe of lizards, mice and bugs withdrew into the court-yard, and left free of access the light at the entrance of the stairs. Our rooms were on the leading Asturias, a young Creole, who had taken the liberty of assuming the office of "attache" to our persons, we plunged into a labyrinth of narrow lanes and spacious rooms, and finally settled ourselves in the cane fronting the yard, and overlooking a fine square, known as the Plaza de los Cuelos, and following it with looks of devotion.

Priests, arrayed in the costly vestments of their order, with the venerable Bishop spiralling in their midst, the sacred censer, chanted as if to the tinkle of the Litany. The ray bearing the Host was of gold, flashing with precious stones, and the rich of the south a silken canopy supported by four silver staves, which were carried by the priests in turn at brave a little bell rang to herald the coming of the procession—while in the advance a Priest in the costume of criminals fanned a gay banner for the same purpose. Wherever the brilliant "carriage" passed, the busy hum of life became suspended. The sixes set down his burden and gazed in stupid wonder. The mule-driver turned away, the merchant left his counting-house, and even the lover paused in his passionate suit, and suffered his mistress decently to fall into her seat, while he besought the Virgin to soften her heart. Incense perfumed the air, flowers rained from the balconies, and banners streamed from every tower and palace of the nobility, as the procession advanced slowly amid the homage given to the mercy pool at bells and the thundering of cannon.

At four o'clock dinner was announced. This meal will be a description in which my pen will suffice it here to say that French and Spanish viands are particularly delightful when flavored by the inexperienced stomach, for they are only fulfill the grosser design of satisfying the appetite, but keep one on the "qui vive" with appreciation relative to their anatomical structure. At an English table there is no room to philosophize; every dish is delicious, and hurries you back before the prosaic character of the meal. You are not, however, likely to become a very profound philosopher at a "table d'hote" in Havana; for the contingency of country perpetuates but fairly about all power of analysis. One sees old dishes disguised with all the appliances of a Spanish "cuisine," and dressed in a garb which baffles even the astuteness of a Yankee! And the varieties of intelligence gathered from grace the board are no less incomprehensible in their character. Nevertheless, I do not remember that my appreciation of the constituents of my first dinner in the "Hotel de los Cuelos," prevented me from appreciating their cleanse to all that is present, well cooked and well served. Nor is it more proper to say, that each item the appreciation of the quality of that meal, that the thermometer of our hopes repasting this beautiful city, which was depressed and out of sight upon our arrival, at the cool reception met with on the quay, quickly rose, as the savory meat issued from the kitchen of the Genoese memory went round, and the golden and luscious pineapple closed the repast. The Cuban, however, of character shines conspicuous at a Spanish table, and I know not how I can better exhibit a thorough of the rule of being thoroughly somewhat *professional* in my use of terms) than by the word "pelagus." There is something very peculiar in the soup-ladle, since with which a Spaniard discusses his meal, and to the uninitiated it is a matter of much interest. But it is the eloquence of silence. Behind the delicately-trimmed moustache, locks a quiet smile, and in the fiery eye, keen and restless, expressly upon his plate, a morbid gleam brightens, which, though slight and scarcely ever heard, is epic at the forbidding exterior and lingering reserve of your fellow-voyager.

A Spaniard will resist an Englishman at dinner dispatching a dozen different dishes with a bottle of wine to wash them down, and yet exhibit far less corporeal evidence of the fact. He carries about, still, the same pale, thin face, and slight figure. I have referred this fusion of sentiment to the sympathetic action between the nervous system and physical in the animal economy. The Spaniard eats in silence, with "phlegm" enough in his bearing to pronounce—that which he is consuming to aside meat and relish to the process by indulging in sounds of intense, heavy mirth. His rough, coarse face, and sonorous laugh, to be complacently strokes his simple "empanadas" after each mouthful, as conscious, emotional part of his natural, conjoined with physical, enjoyment. Hence the harmony of mind and body, so in all other conditions of the system, contributes to the healthful performance of the physical functions of the human digestion.

Our worthy hostess had a singular "penchant" for the animal tribe. The courtyard below was a small zoological garden in its way—not, the dining-room aforementioned the whole, as we were enlivened with gratuitous performances, gymnastic, vocal and otherwise. A troop of cats, dogs and monkeys had, with exercises, obeyed the dinner bell, and, stationed near each chair, appeared to be discussing the claims of our ankle attentions to the office of charging plates. Effecting impossible with their mistress, they mildly appreciated with their nasals, and finally withdrew in a general melee into the court below. Two lap dogs, with pendant ear noses and beautiful hair, had placed assigned them at table, which at one end of the corridor swung two golden gourd cages with a cage, quarrelling in bad Castilian.

Dinner occupies two or three hours in Cuba, and is conducted with much formality. Coffee and cigars are served after the table is withdrawn, and then the conversation becomes general. On my right sat the Chevalier Bertholon, that my arrival Mr. Tassoni. He is a fine specimen of the pure Creole. His prominent trait of character is his affability. He admirably the assigned subject and most acceptable of that beautiful tongue. In person, he is tall and graceful, with expressive eyes, a fine forehead, curled moustache, and the skin sensibly colored; and a little too full outline for perfect symmetry. In decision to the features, rests upon a neatly-shod black trimming the manners are polished and easy, and refreshing in tone. He is a gentleman of taste.

Tassoni's interests in dinner, and I almost question which is the greater luxury. You throw yourself back in your chair, and smoking in the air like a pendulum, excepting that you do not, like it, *note the flight of time*. The cigar is delicious, and soon you are floating through the dream-land, amid lazy reminiscence of the yet unseen, unfelt beauty of a tropical clime!

Original Sketch.

THE CHICK-A-DEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

MR. ENTOR.—The Chick-a-dee Song" which is again going the rounds of the newspapers—seems to have brought those fair Creoles of the south of Europe, especially Spanish descendants and as I perceive that the Poet seems unconscious of the source of his inspiration, perhaps a few words of explanation—I presume to offer a few facts from my personal knowledge of the Chick-a-dee.

Two years ago, we had a severely cold winter, and a flock of Chick-a-dees, as usual, kept about the kitchen door picking up crumbs. My little Kitchen has a window looking to the West. The window is now the fire, and the sash is in the neighborhood, &c., to directly under the window. One morning after a severe storm, I found a dead Chick-a-dee slighted on the window-sill, and concentrated tapping on the glass with his little bill as if he would break through. I was much interested to peck at a bit of white soap that lay inside the window. I immediately cut a slice of the pocket book and fastened it with a fork on the window sash. The little fellow pecked industriously for a little and left—attached it and made a hearty meal. He then scattered himself, but soon returned with two companions, who alighted and fed without ceremony. From that day the three came regularly to the window for their food. They were there at all times of the day, and sometimes when it was so very cold that my fingers when wet, would freeze fast to the iron work in the kitchen, these little atoms of life would be clinging with their little claws to the sash, or to the nail in the sash, out door, and picking at their meat, while I could almost touch them with my hand. They flew there off. If I neglected to renew their pork, or if, as it sometimes happened, the cat took it away before I could prevent it—a slice of fat pork—or if, by uttering a peculiar cry, in they flew from the trees, and by the window sash, until the supply was renewed.

The winter was a remarkable part of my story—they were very cold. In December, as I stood near the window, examining a bird, I heard a peculiar chirping, tap; I looked, and there with his jet black head bright little eyes, was a Chick-a-dee-dee. Look, I cried. There is one of our dear little birds. So I got some pork and fixed it in the old place, and very soon I was startled by three Chick-a-dees, who continued until the severe weather broke up. I have been previously a minority of four gentlemen,) view claim to the especial hospitality of the premises; and it was not until we had ascended some vigorous calls and kicks that the tribe of lizards, mice and bugs withdrew into the court-yard, and left free of access the light at the entrance of the stairs. Our rooms were on the leading Asturias, a young Creole, who had taken the liberty of assuming the office of "attache" to our persons, we plunged into a labyrinth of narrow lanes and spacious rooms, and finally settled ourselves in the cane fronting the yard, and overlooking a fine square, known as the Plaza de los Cuelos, and following it with looks of devotion.

Priests, arrayed in the costly vestments of their order, with the venerable Bishop spiralling in their midst, the sacred censer, chanted as if to the tinkle of the Litany. The ray bearing the Host was of gold, flashing with precious stones, and the rich of the south a silken canopy supported by four silver staves, which were carried by the priests in turn at brave a little bell rang to herald the coming of the procession—while in the advance a Priest in the costume of criminals fanned a gay banner for the same purpose. Wherever the brilliant "carriage" passed, the busy hum of life became suspended. The sixes set down his burden and gazed in stupid wonder. The mule-driver turned away, the merchant left his counting-house, and even the lover paused in his passionate suit, and suffered his mistress decently to fall into her seat, while he besought the Virgin to soften her heart. Incense perfumed the air, flowers rained from the balconies, and banners streamed from every tower and palace of the nobility, as the procession advanced slowly amid the homage given to the mercy pool at bells and the thundering of cannon.

At four o'clock dinner was announced. This meal will be a description in which my pen will suffice it here to say that French and Spanish viands are particularly delightful when flavored by the inexperienced stomach, for they are only fulfill the grosser design of satisfying the appetite, but keep one on the "qui vive" with appreciation relative to their anatomical structure. At an English table there is no room to philosophize; every dish is delicious, and hurries you back before the prosaic character of the meal. You are not, however, likely to become a very profound philosopher at a "table d'hote" in Havana; for the contingency of country perpetuates but fairly about all power of analysis. One sees old dishes disguised with all the appliances of a Spanish "cuisine," and dressed in a garb which baffles even the astuteness of a Yankee! And the varieties of intelligence gathered from grace the board are no less incomprehensible in their character. Nevertheless, I do not remember that my appreciation of the constituents of my first dinner in the "Hotel de los Cuelos," prevented me from appreciating their cleanse to all that is present, well cooked and well served. Nor is it more proper to say, that each item the appreciation of the quality of that meal, that the thermometer of our hopes repasting this beautiful city, which was depressed and out of sight upon our arrival, at the cool reception met with on the quay, quickly rose, as the savory meat issued from the kitchen of the Genoese memory went round, and the golden and luscious pineapple closed the repast. The Cuban, however, of character shines conspicuous at a Spanish table, and I know not how I can better exhibit a thorough of the rule of being thoroughly somewhat *professional* in my use of terms) than by the word "pelagus." There is something very peculiar in the soup-ladle, since with which a Spaniard discusses his meal, and to the uninitiated it is a matter of much interest. But it is the eloquence of silence. Behind the delicately-trimmed moustache, locks a quiet smile, and in the fiery eye, keen and restless, expressly upon his plate, a morbid gleam brightens, which, though slight and scarcely ever heard, is epic at the forbidding exterior and lingering reserve of your fellow-voyager.

A Spaniard will resist an Englishman at dinner dispatching a dozen different dishes with a bottle of wine to wash them down, and yet exhibit far less corporeal evidence of the fact. He carries about, still, the same pale, thin face, and slight figure. I have referred this fusion of sentiment to the sympathetic action between the nervous system and physical in the animal economy. The Spaniard eats in silence, with "phlegm" enough in his bearing to pronounce—that which he is consuming to aside meat and relish to the process by indulging in sounds of intense, heavy mirth. His rough, coarse face, and sonorous laugh, to be complacently stroken his simple "empanadas" after each mouthful, as conscious, emotional part of his natural, conjoined with physical, enjoyment. Hence the harmony of mind and body, so in all other conditions of the system, contributes to the healthful performance of the physical functions of the human digestion.

Our worthy hostess had a singular "penchant" for the animal tribe. The courtyard below was a small zoological garden in its way—not, the dining-room aforementioned the whole, as we were enlivened with gratuitous performances, gymnastic, vocal and otherwise. A troop of cats, dogs and monkeys had, with exercises, obeyed the dinner bell, and, stationed near each chair, appeared to be discussing the claims of our ankle attentions to the office of charging plates. Effecting impossible with their mistress, they mildly appreciated with their nasals, and finally withdrew in a general melee into the court below. Two lap dogs, with pendant ear noses and beautiful hair, had placed assigned them at table, which at

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will assist us in procuring us get up large clubs for the succeeds Post; or if they do not feel inclined to make subscriptions for the paper themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there could be no great difficulty in getting subscribers in all our principal cities. If our friends will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it is decidedly superior to any of them. We respectfully intend, also, that the postage is *just the same as a first class paper*, as on the material and power of the mail regulations.

TAKE NOTICE.

Our subscribers in the Southern and South-Western States are respectfully informed that we have appointed a new correspondent in the city of Israel E. James, by which Mr. James, and his Assistants, have again become our general travelling agents for the Post. The agents for the Southern and Western States are James E. Whipple, William Hamilton, John B. Wood, Jr., Wm. H. Watterson, John Collins, James Deering, Albert Hall, Washington, R. S. James, Henry Fath, and E. A. Evans.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears, will please pay some of the above gentlemen the amount due to us. We wish no one to forget, that business can be done more satisfactorily to send in the money by mail, direct, as we therefore have a remittance per cent.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office they will be changed from.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to write the name of the Post Office and of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A "subscriber" who writes from Missouri, wishes to know what we mean by using an "ampersand" in connection with our name. We will now, for the benefit of our readers, explain. The ampersand is a true sham, might express to us the importance of being conversant with the meaning of the word, and to the foregoing of the best interests of the community.

How it paralyzes us to see why, if this argument is a good for editors, it is not equally good for all our classes correspondents? Why not call their attention to their influence. For instance, few classes of correspondents more influence than those whom they also should be prescribed. Men distinguished for their wisdom—great lawyers, far-sighted statesmen and men of commanding influence in the community, and, according to the rule, should be debarred from office, also; and those men who have influence—in other words, all distinguished writers their fellow-citizens, who possess the energy should be prevented from writing. Such men cannot take an interior man, fortune from one opinion to another, with every change of the wind. People would be deprived of the benefit of their wisdom, because they have power to exert it. Such is the weight of a Chick-a-dee is scarcely the 36th part of that of the human brain. But they are exceedingly useful little birds. The writer of this article, where men are working at timber in the woods cannot find a bird to be seen, but they will enter the person's head, shoulder, or foot. Last week my boys were sawing up a large pine log for making shingles. The little Chick-a-dees came in a flock and soon assembled, to the number of ten or twelve, on the log. They were so tame that I went to the Post Office, and found a letter from some time dead, is generally full of large white grubs and two colonies are lying out in the sun to die. As soon as the birds saw one of these disengaged from the wood they seized upon it, and after having eaten the wet wood, and it made more than ever where away and laid them up in the branches and crevices of the bark. In spite of this, we feel inclined, spying the end of a worm which was frozen into the wet wood, and a deal of trouble laying in the carry it away. He would seize hold of it and endeavor to fly, then finding it stationary, he would hold on with his claws, and pull with all his might by that means to draw it from its fastening. They would then fly off with it, and I was in the habit of saying to "Chicken Hawk" and "Chicken Hawk" a copy of last Saturday's edition of both papers—as soon as the worm was disengaged—an operation which he watched with evident interest—he seized it, and has it off to partake of his meal.

I have often wished that I had leisure to note the many interesting traits of the Chick-a-dee's character, memory and forethought, which I have witnessed during the winter. I am sure that it would always been a favorite amusement of mine to watch the evidences of intellect in the minute creatures, and I confess to patience with those who assert that creatures who do not speak cannot be reasoned. Mr. Editor,

Yours, respectfully,

A. IRWIN.

It will thus be seen that the Favorite of the North's, a gentleman whose competency and integrity all will be willing to admit, after a careful examination of the two papers, that the Post contains more correspondence than any other paper in the country, which, in the course of a year, amounts to one hundred and fifty-six columns. In other words, we are making the Post for the benefit of the subscription—"Upon thy touch for the finish, is the name of all such as are appointed to discriminate."

Clippings.

☞ Powers, the sculptor, is at present engaged upon a great national statue, which he calls "America." It is not upon which he says he will be finished in Cincinnati, he is willing he fame and fortune shall rest. The block of marble for the work is now on the way.

☞ The Court Journal, published at Washington city says, that the Hon. Mr. Crittenden has declined the mission to Spain, "by dipping the extremities of your fingers in the ink, and a gain hard to legal matters, and paying down their time your mouth from a tumbler of water, wipe it, and send away napkin, bowl and all."

☞ A recent census of Milwaukie discloses the fact that the population of that city is now 17,000 souls. 5,000 Americans, 5,709 Germans, 2,487 Irish, 1,000 Canadians, 1,000 Scandinavians, 74 Swiss, 74 French, 34 Welsh, 6 Danes, and 5 Swedes.

☞ In the formation of a single locomotive engine, there are required no less than 2,000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be so accurately adjusted as to work as a whole. [Ex.

We may embrace this opportunity to state, in answer as we had an inquiry upon the subject, that the engine of the Locomotive Engine is not at all a cheap edition of the history in question, of a which Locomotive Engine is not at all a cheap edition of the history in question, of a which Locomotive Engine is not at all a cheap edition of the history in question, of a which

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

Property in San Francisco, within seven months, from July, 1848, to February, 1849, is said to have risen nine hundred per cent.—a lot, for instance, which was sold for one thousand dollars in July, the present holder has refused ten thousand for. Nine or ten sales have been made, in which a similar result is exhibited.

The private correspondence, communicated to the North American, from which we derive the above, also contains the following interesting items:

The influx of population is already so great, that there are nearly three hundred people (although it is the rainy season,) sleeping out in tents, and under porches and whale boats.

The rent of a room fifteen feet square, is fifty dollars per week. Board, with space on the floor sufficient to spread a mattrass on, is fifteen dollars per week. Carpenter's wages ten dollars per day. Lumber $120 per thousand, and not two thousand feet for sale or to be had even at that price. Immigrants from the coast of South America, are daily arriving; one thousand at least are expected within the next few days. * * * * Such a state of affairs as here exists never *before existed*; Mexican coin and gold dust are so abundant, and many of the necessities of a rapidly-increasing population are so scarce, that the relative value of the precious metals is almost nominal.—Capitalists are still pouring in from all quarters of the Pacific, and it is hoped that the influx of emigration from the United States will be immensely increased by the new line of steamers, the first of which (the California) is daily expected.

SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS.

A correspondent of the Eastport (Me.) Sentinel propounds the following questions:—

1. Suppose Eastport to be on the Equator and the Globe surrounded with a belt of towns six miles square, and a man starts from Eastport at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, (after breakfast of course) and travel West with a pace sufficient to carry him round the Globe and bring him home in twenty-four hours, where would he find the women up and washing at four o'clock Monday morning?

2. If the inhabitants of each town go to meeting at the ringing of the bell at half past ten o'clock and he should start at that time when would he find the people going home to *dinner* at twelve o'clock?

3. If the first bell ceases ringing at the instant the next in succession commences, where would he cease to hear the ringing?

4. Where would he end the *Sabbath*? This in the sub.

IRELAND.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, writes that the weather was glorious for Spring work, and that, except in certain wretched districts, never was it turned to better purpose. He says that while wheat and oats are likely to be sown to a greater extent than last year, far more potatoes also are likely to be planted. The farmers reason thus:—The potatoes we put by for seed now turn out and cut up sound. Why should they not grow?

Apropos to the above, we see it stated that English farmers are going over to Ireland, on account of land and labor being cheaper than in England. A landholder in Mayo has let his farms to English tenants, on a lease of twenty-one years, at twenty-five shillings, and undertakes to pay all the poor rates for them.

FOUND.

The body of Mr. John D. Colt, of Donaldsonville, Schuylkill county, Pa., who disappeared in this city on the night of the 28th of last December, was found recently in the Delaware, at Arch street wharf. His watch, money and papers being found upon him, removes all suspicion that he was the victim of violence. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict of accidental drowning.

Miscellaneous.

THE CORDS THAT HUNG TAWELL.

The following thrilling passage upon the power of the Magnetic Telegraph, is from a new work by Sir Francis Head. After picturing Tawell, who had just committed a murder, seated in the railroad car for London, he says:

"What may have been his fears, his hopes, his fancies, or his thoughts, there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7h. 42m. P. M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown great coat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.' And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of Heaven! On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the Bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage door, descended the steps;—paid his fare;—crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem coffee house, thence over London Bridge to the Leopard coffee house in the borough, and finally to a lodging-house in Scott's yard, Canon Street. He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi*, but whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening his door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—'Hav'n't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt. The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail, tried, found guilty of wilful murder, and—hanged. A few months afterwards, we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another.—Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen minutes no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short necked, short-nosed, exceeding respectable looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud.—'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell.'"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A few days since a young man arrived here, from one of the Eastern cities, in search of his father, whom he had never seen, the father having left the place of his nativity, in England, before he was born. For years, the young man had been endeavoring to discover the whereabouts of his parent, without success, and at last by one of those startling incidents which give a character of romance to truth itself, he found his parent, under circumstances as painful as they were peculiar. In walking through one of the principal streets of our metropolis, he met a gentleman from the same city in which he resided, and who was acquainted with his history, and who thus accosted him:—"Well, J——, I believe I have discovered where your father is," and proceeded to relate that in looking over a copy of the "Lives of the Felons" he was struck by the resemblance which he bore to the portrait of Honeyman, the barge robber. The young man laughed at the idea, and regarded it almost as an impossibility that his father should be an inmate of the State Prison; but finally a copy of the book was purchased.

The youth was himself struck with the resemblance he bore to the portrait of the convict, and was induced to read the biography accompanying it, when incidents and localities recurred to his memory, which impressed him with the painful conviction that he had at last discovered his father, in a convicted felon. The agony of the young man may be conceived; he resolved to visit Sing Sing and obtain an interview with Honeyman—he did so, and when brought into each others presence, the resemblance between them was still more strikingly apparent. Honeyman trembled with agitation as he admitted that when he left England in company with the female who passed here as his wife, the female to whom he was actually married, was *enceinte*, and that he heard that she had given birth to a son, who, if alive, would be of the same age as the young man who stood weeping and agitated before him. There can scarcely be a doubt as to his identity, but as his mother is somewhere in the Western part of this State, measures have been taken to solve the mystery which now surrounds the matter.—*N. Y. Morning Star.*

☞ Blessed is the horse whose owner is poor [illegible]

WITNESSES.

[The following, from the New York Mercury, has, we regret to say, too much truth in it.—*Editor Post.*]

It is some time since we drew our readers' attention to the bland conduct of the gents of the bar—to the tender mercies they evince, not towards the criminal or wretch on trial, but to the witnesses, persons who are supposed to be important aids in the cause of justice. At this day, and in this country, we look for some exhibition of humanity even on the part of the gents of the bar, who are sometimes called lawyers, sometimes pettifoggers, sometimes shysters, sometimes tombs' sharks and sometimes counsellors. As law is generally practised, it is nothing more nor less than a game to defeat justice. As it is practised in our criminal courts, it is also a game of patience, during the playing of which, justice herself, with the aid of the judge and the talented and most estimable counsel play at blind man's buff. The game of patience is of course played by the jury and the witnesses.

When we enjoyed the felicity of being a reporter, we often thought the person on trial had an enviable position in comparison with that of the witness, under the "tremendous cross examination" of some full fledged gent of the bar, up to whom the police officers looked with awe, and down upon whom the judge on the bench looked with mingled admiration and dread. When one of these full feathered gents has acquired a reputation in consequence of having once taken twenty-two exceptions against a well known judge, twenty-one of which were subsequently sustained, why it is easy to see, knowing the stuff of which our bench is too often composed, that such a person, with such a reputation, and the gift of the gab, an everlasting, never-ceasing, remorseless flood of words, backed up by matchless impudence, must keep the presiding officer of many of our courts in comparative subjection. Hence it is, we presume, that the unhappy witnesses are never taken out of the clutches of these legal vampires. So the court suffers the poor wretch to remain in their claws until every drop of blood is sucked out of his veins, and he falls pale, exhausted and heart-broken down to the earth. A witness shall go into one of our criminal courts with bounding heart, and a bright character, and he shall come out of it heartsick, and blasted in fame by the arts of the wily counsel to whose "tremendous cross-examination" he has been subjected. The more important his testimony the more it becomes necessary to humbug the jury into the belief that a more detestable vagabond, a more remorseless liar and gallows-escaped rogue than he who gave it had never made his appearance in a court of justice. Your character is destroyed by a series of artfully put questions, and these are aided or set off by an accompaniment of nods and winks and wreathed smiles addressed to the jury.

It is amazing the influence some of these Oily Gammons of the profession obtain over a jury. Your Oily Gammon finds that a witness, who has been handed over to his tender mercies by the "opposite counsel," has given the most damnatory evidence against his client. He knows it is utterly out of his power to contradict him—there is nothing left for him to do but to destroy his character—to badger him with questions of an irritating, goading, personal nature; these so worry, fret and chafe the unfortunate wretch that he loses his temper, and with it all control over his memory. As he becomes heated, the estimable gent of the bar is more and more oily, more and more attentive to the jury, and less and less regardful of the judge, who, under pretence of taking notes, is conning over some imaginary bill of fare, or is just successfully finishing an imaginary game of brag with two police officers and a shyster. The miserable witness having lost his temper and his memory, of course contradicts himself. Look now at our Oily Gammon, mark the jury, two or three of whom begin to evince signs of vitality, and to show symptoms of enjoying the human sacrifice before them. The rest are engaged in receiving, and perhaps in answering the winks and sneaking smiles of Oily Gammon, who presently, having succeeded in giving the intelligent jury to think that a bigger rascal than the witness they had never seen, says triumphantly, and with an exhibition of virtuous indignation that shows the consummate actor—"You may go down, sir." The crestfallen witness hesitates, from a murky suspicion that he has in some way committed himself. The triumphant counsel glances at him and at the jury, and his glances seem to say, "what a villain!" And indeed the witness, by this time, has not the happiest expression of countenance. As he is on the point of making some explanation, the counsel again tells him to "go down, sir!" and the loud and indignant tone of voice in which he does this disturbs the worthy judge, in the middle of a game of old sledge with the shyster for "double or quits." He rouses himself, looks at the witness, sees him abashed, becomes at once convinced he is a scamp, puts on a tremendous frown, and in awful tones bids him to "go down." He is instantly obeyed, and the unhappy witness shrinks out of court with every eye upon him, and the doubt in his own mind as to whether he is not a very great rascal.

HUSBAND CATCHING.

Of a certain divine an anecdote is told, which Hook used to say exceeded any specimen of cool assurance that ever he had exhibited. A young clerical friend of his, staying at his house, happened to be sitting up one night reading, after the family, as he supposed, had retired to rest. The door opened, and his excellent host reappeared in his dressing-gown and slippers. "My dear boy," said the latter, seating himself, and looking pathetically at his guest, "I have a few words to say—don't look alarmed—they will prove agreeable enough to you—rely upon it. The fact is, Mrs. ——— and myself have for some time observed the attention which you have paid to Betsey. We can make every allowance, knowing your excellent principles as we do, for the diffidence which has hitherto tied your tongue, but it has been carried far enough. In a worldly point of view, Betsey, of course, might do better, yet we have all the highest esteem for your character and disposition—and then our daughter—she is very dear to us—and where her happiness is at stake all minor considerations must give way.—We have, therefore, after due deliberation—I must own not altogether without hesitation—made up our minds to the match. What must be, must be; you are a worthy fellow, and therefore, at a word, you have our free and cordial consent. Only make our child happy, and we ask no more." The astonished divine, half petrified, laid down his book.—"My dear sir," he began to murmur, "here is some dreadful mistake. I really never thought—that is, I never intended—" "No! no! I know you did not. Your modesty, indeed, is one of those traits which has made you so deservedly a favorite with us all. But, my dear boy, a parent's eyes are chary. Anxiety sharpens them. We saw well enough what you thought so well concealed. Betsey, too, is just the girl to be so won. Well! well! say no more about it; it's all over now. God bless you both! Only make her a good husband—here she is. I have told Mrs. ——— to bring her down again; for the sooner young folks are put out of suspense the better.—Settle the matter as soon as you like; we will leave you together." Thus saying, the considerate papa bestowed a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter, who was at this juncture led into the room by her mother, both *en deshabille*, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and with a "There, there, go along, Mrs. ———," turned his wife out of the room, and left the lovers (!) to their *tete a tete*. What was to be done? Common humanity, to say nothing of politeness, demanded nothing less than a proposal; it was tendered accordingly, and we need scarcely add, very graciously received.—*Memoirs of Hood.*

GEN. HOUSTON AND WIFE.

We take the following from one of our exchanges, (we have forgotten which) confessing that we thought Gen. Houston separated from his wife,—or rather his wife from him—many years ago. Perhaps, though, this is a second one. But for the anecdote.

Gen. Samuel Houston, of the United States Senate, formerly Governor of Tennessee, and afterwards President of Texas, (before the annexation) owes as much to his wife's influence as to any other cause for his present high character and position before the nation. At a large party lately given in Washington, by Mr. Speaker Winthrop, he took occasion to give his reason for declining to attend any and all of the balls, card parties, &c., to which he is invited. His wife, like Mrs. Polk, is a religious woman. (By the way, there was no dancing, gambling or drinking at the White House whilst Mrs. Polk presided there.) Let the wives of America read the following remarks made at Speaker Winthrop's party by Senator Houston:

"I make it a point," said the honorable Senator, "never to visit a place where my lady, if she were with me, would be unwilling to go. I know it would give her pain, as a Christian, to attend such places, and I will not go myself where I could not take my wife."

A Member of Congress present alluded to his own wife, and added that there was a mutual understanding between him and her that they should each follow the bent of their own inclination in such matters.

"That may do for you," responded Mr. Houston, "but with me it is different from what it is with many men. My wife has been the making of me. She took me when I was the victim of slavish appetites—she has redeemed and regenerated me—and I will not do that in her absence which I know would give her pain if she were present."

What a mighty, though secret, power has a virtuous and sensible woman over the greatest and strongest of men, if that man is her husband!

☞ The gold on board the steamer California, we see by the Southern papers received lately, is [illegible]

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

Mr. Layard, in his recently published work on the Antiquities of Nineveh, gives a very interesting account of a strange people, who have been little known to the rest of the world, but who have inhabited Mesopotamia and the neighboring countries, time out of mind. These are the *Yezidis*, or Worshippers of the Devil. We extract the following account from the last number of the *London Quarterly Review*:—

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin, not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into the rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary, of their singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of Devil Worshippers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communications as to the nature of their tenets; though probably from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief. Here are tribes proscribed for centuries, almost, perhaps, for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism, trampled upon, hunted down, from place to place by the Musselmen, as being of those idolaters, *the people without a book*, towards whom the Koran itself justifies or commands implacable enmity.

Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfil the precepts of their Scripture—making razias among them, massacreing the males, and carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, had been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Koran contained more merciful texts—towards the Devil Worshippers none.

Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, clearly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit, (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecutions under the Russian government in Georgia,) celebrating publicly their religious rites—with their sacred places and sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics—they are resolute soldiers in self-defence—and at least not more given in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbors, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution. Their morals as far as transpires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account are much above those of the tribes around them—they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travellers, jealously uncommunicative with Franks.

* * * * * * * *

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil Principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." They will not endure the profane use of any word that sounds like *Sheitan*, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a *curse* and *accursed*. Satan, in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taus, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the Mighty Angel.—The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal, (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manicheism,) they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Koran. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet.

A Lightning Express.—Campbell, the poet, when on a journey in Scotland, one day met a boy in a postman's dress, playing marbles by the roadside.

"You little rascal," said Campbell, "are you the post-boy, and thus playing away your time?"

"No, sir," answered the boy, "I'm not the post—I'm only an *express*."

Most Charming Office for Somebody.—The Concordia Intelligencer, published at Vidalia, La., says: "Who will be Live Oak Inspector still agitates the political world. It is an office which is like Fathom's, you have much to get and little to do; the much to get is agreeable, the nothing to do, to idle folks, is perfectly enchanting."

☞ The Literary Gazette gives from Hamlet a motto for emigrants to California:—

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
Axe, and a winding sheet."

Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. V.

On casting our eyes on animated and organized beings, we see a disposition in each of them to unite itself to another. Among men this arises from some quality which we perceived in such other, and which agrees with our ideas of beauty, goodness, grandeur and the like; this is called love or friendship. The moment we become enlightened by the rays of science, what is our surprise to find the most insensible bodies in appearance, unite themselves to other bodies by a species of choice, by a kind of friendship! This is what is called chemical affinity.

By affinity is understood that force which penetrates all substances in the universe, which agitates their particles and induces them to unite to each other. It is this property, which acting at great distances, sustains the planets around the sun. Metals, minerals, and diamonds, which are found in the bosom of the earth, are caused by affinities. In fact to affinity we owe the form of flowers, and the sweet savors of fruits.

Astonishing force which crystalizes quartz and diamonds, unites together the elements of the universe, and which never separates two bodies but to unite them more firmly to others. If the earth should lose the force of attraction, which draws and binds the elements together, it would suddenly dissipate itself, and our globe would be lost in space, like dust, or as a vapor.

There are two sorts of attraction. The first is that which takes place only between bodies of the same nature; to this has been given the name of attraction of aggregation; two drops of water give birth to an aggregation; a piece of gold is an aggregation of the particles it contains.

The other kind of attraction, on the contrary, takes place between bodies of a different nature. This is the law which causes their decomposition, the knowledge of which is the science and the power of the natural philosopher. By means of this attraction nature adorns itself with leaves, the elements unite together to form the fruits of all the seasons. Every thing draws, attracts, and is drawn and attracted, is destroyed and re-composed at the same time, at the same stated periods, and in the same manner. This great mystery of the affinities of matter is incomprehensible; but to it we owe every thing which exists, and, as far as our physical powers are concerned, life itself. So true it is that Nature never lets us into her secrets further than to discover the hand of the Creator. We receive kindnesses, we admire the law which bestows them on us, and there is the end of our science. It seems as if there is a chain of love which rises insensibly, from the hardest stone, the elements of which endeavor to unite themselves, to man, who is drawn to his fellow creature, and who lives only to love.

The phenomena of attraction have given birth to some laws which govern chemistry; there all is order. One of these laws has such an important away that it deserves a particular notice. It is called *elective attraction*, because particles which form a composed body, leave it for the purpose of uniting themselves to another substance which they prefer; they, in fact, make a choice.

In order that one body may be formed of the elements of another, it is requisite there should be a third body, the elective affinity of which, destroys the first for the advantage of the second.—This is the secret of all the combinations by decomposition, which we daily behold operating in nature.

Astonishing phenomena which seem to have placed a species of friendship between the most insensible bodies!

It is to elective affinities that we owe all the harmony which reigns in the elements of the universe, and the constant re-production of flowers and fruits, of air and water. When we see so many bodies, different in their nature, use, and appearance, composed of the same elements, we cannot but admire the order of Nature. For this very diversity is order itself, and it is maintained by the law of elective affinities. The existence of the globe, the beauty of Nature, are its effects. If a certain substance was not destined to unite itself to another substance, under such or such conditions, every thing would return to chaos.

Thus in the affinities we perceive an order which manifests foresight; a foresight which manifests kindness; and kindness which manifests a benefactor.

BUBULCUS.

General News.

COL. FREMONT'S PARTY.

A Telegraphic communication from St. Louis, dated March 30th, says:

"We have received news from Santa Fe to the 25th of February. Colonel Fremont had arrived there on his way to California, taking Cook's route. He lost eleven men on the mountain, from the severity of the weather.

"Col. Fremont did not reach the top of the mountains from the vicinity of which the last accounts received by Col. Benton left him. He was compelled to retire to the valley, where the snow fell to the depth of thirty or forty feet, covering up all his outfit and killing all his mules. He then left the valley, and made his way through the hills, from whence he sent out a party to obtain relief and return within a stated period. Not doing so, Col. Fremont started after, and overtook them in six days. He finally reached Taos, and the survivors of his party, being assisted by a party sent to their assistance, also arrived at that point. After they had sufficiently recovered from the fatigues they had undergone, Col. Fremont was supplied with another outfit by the Quartermaster and Commissary, and he resumed his route to California."

A CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION.

A Telegraphic communication from New Orleans, under date of March 30th, says:

"Col. Webb's California expedition has been broken up, partly on account of the ravages of cholera among them. Eight of the members died of the cholera on the Rio Grande, including four New Yorkers. The Globe brought eighteen of the company to New Orleans, on their return home.

"Mr. Audubon had been robbed of $12,000 in gold, but succeeded in recovering $4,000. Col. Webb remained behind with Mr. Audubon, and the two were endeavoring to recover more of the plunder."

Animal Electricity.—Mr. Alfred Smee, the Surgeon to the Bank of England, and inventor of the battery which bears his name, has announced important discoveries in animal electricity.

"By a test which he terms electro-voltaic, he has discovered that the terminations of the sensor nerves are positive poles of a voltaic circuit, whilst the muscular substance is the negative pole. The sensor nerves are the telegraphs which carry the sensation to the brain, and the motor nerves carry back the volition to the muscles. The brain he infers to consist of five distinct voltaic circles, which, upon theoretical grounds, he believes to be sufficient to account for all mental phenomena. Mr. Smee has succeeded in making artificial electric fish, and artificial muscular substance. Should these researches be fully confirmed by other investigators, they must be regarded as the most important physiological discovery of modern times."

Amount of Gold.—The Danish Consul at San Francisco says, that after going into a careful calculation he believes about $4,000,000 in gold had been obtained from the mines. Of this, $1,300,000 had passed through the custom-house at San Francisco, valued at $10 to $13 per ounce. $700,000 had gone off in driblets, in trunks, boxes, and on the persons of its owners, to Oregon, Valparaiso, Sydney, N. S. W., Sandwich Islands, the United States, England, &c., &c., to save freight. Several lots of $10,000 each, had gone off this way. $1,000,000 was in the hands of the merchants of San Francisco; about $1,000,000 was scattered over California, in large and small parcels in the possession of parties, miners, &c., that had not been sent down to San Francisco. This, Mr. Suwerkrop believes to be a very moderate calculation. It was made with the greatest care, in order not to deceive the public.

American Democracy in France.—Mr. Frederick Gaillardet, writing to the Courrier des Etats Unis from Paris, speaks as follows concerning the discussion of the law for the suppression of Clubs.

"The partisans of the suppression have exhumed from the History of the United States the judgment formerly borne by Washington against Clubs; the *National* and the *Reforme* reply by denouncing Washington as an aristocrat, and opposing to his opinions that of Jefferson, quite the reverse. We shall see which of these two apostles of American Democracy will be sustained by our Assembly."

Wolves in Virginia.—The Winchester Virginian says—The mountains of Warren and Rappahannock are now infested by wolves. They are said to be in gangs of ten or twelve, and have lately committed great depredations among the flocks of sheep for many miles around. Two or three months ago a den was discovered, and a litter of eight young whelps taken from it. One of them is kept as a pet by a magistrate of Warren county, before whom they were brought in order to obtain the reward. It is more playful and submissive than a spaniel; and never pretends to bite those who annoy it.

From Havana.—We have received a file of the "Faro Industrial," of Havana, to the 22nd ult.—being six days later than previous advices. They contain no particular news.

Long articles are published to show the necessity and utility of Planters devoting their plantations to the cultivation of cereal products. It is argued with much force of illustration that the climate and soil of Cuba are eminently favorable, and that the reward of the grain grower will be sure and better than that obtained by the producer of sugars.

A Mother Indeed.—A New England mother is mentioned by the Boston Traveller as having just completed her hundredth year in that city, who has now living six children, sixty-two grandchildren, one hundred and twenty-five great-grand-children, and, as far as is known, ten great-great-grand children. Besides these, the number of her descendants who are dead, are three children, ten grand-children and seventeen great-grand-children.

A Predicament.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that the City Crier was a few days since riding about town, exercising his lungs with the following:—

"A lady from Kentucky came to the city this afternoon to make some purchases, and left her little child and her basket at a house somewhere above Fourth street. Going away, she became bewildered, and can find neither the house, baby, nor basket!"

Mails to the Pacific.—A Post Office has been established at the Salt Lake Valley, in California, and Joseph L. Haywood, formerly of Quincy, Ill., appointed Postmaster. The contractor, Mr. Almon W. Babbitt, will deliver the mail six times a year, and forward all mail matter sent through by way of Kanesville, Iowa, to Oregon and California. The first mail will go through the first of April.

American Writers.—Willis says, in the Home Journal, that the question in England "Who reads an American book?" should now be "who steals" one, as a considerable trade is carried on in England at present with the sale of American poems, to periodicals, *as new and original contributions*!

Remedial Justice.—Zebulon Paine, who was wrongly convicted and sentenced to the Massachusetts penitentiary, has obtained, by a vote of the Legislature of that State, $300 for his time and services during his incarceration.

Clippings.

☞ Lord Brougham once, in the House of Peers, "thanked God" that the English people were "under recognizances of £800,000,000 to keep the peace under any circumstances."

☞ Turning water into wine, is commonly put down as a miracle; but many liquor dealers know how to perform such, when they purchase a new cask.

☞ Mr. Horn requests us to inquire, since we are to have no *Mint* in New York this summer, what are we to do for juleps and smashers?—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ The cholera was raging to a serious extent at Panang, and had been very fatal amongst the convicts and Chinese population. Much of the malignity is attributed to the imperfect drainage of the town.

☞ Bibles and Tracts are forbidden, by general order, to be distributed among the English troops in Ireland!!

☞ How to Conquer.—"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't." "Well, then, sit up; I *will* be minded."

☞ A cotemporary boasts of a subscriber who has paid his subscription punctually for the last thirty years, who is now over eighty, and reads his newspaper without spectacles. Had he neglected to pay for it, it is more than likely that now he would have been unable to read it at all.

☞ While the steamer Conway was burning recently on the Mississippi, a man jumped into the river with a bag containing $800 in specie, and went down, holding it above his head, and offering a large reward to any one who would save him.

☞ The papers tell us that adventurers are going in flocks to California. This is the way in which geese travel always.

☞ "I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his other half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy. For he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and he is grinning to himself wherever he goes." "Poh," replied the woman, "don't you know he got a *love letter* this morning."

☞ The young Emperor of Austria formed the habit of smoking in the camps in Italy, and after dinner indulges himself with a cigar. This is an immense innovation, as no member of the imperial family of Austria was ever known to smoke before.

☞ The Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in calling the attention of the Legislature to the spread of the small pox, said the disease was a loathsome one, destroyed life, created a good deal of terror *and injures the looks of the population!*

☞ A short time since, a man was heard lamenting the death of two of his sons. "Two stout, hearty boys," said he, "and died just afore haying—it enymost endid me!"

☞ "Moral maladies, we read, are like physical maladies; some of them are contagious, some are epidemic, and others are hereditary. Vice is transmitted in certain families, as scrofula or phthisis. Great part of the crimes which afflict a country, originate in certain families, who would require particular surveillance—isolation similar to that imposed on patients supposed to carry about them germs of pestilence."

☞ Madame Bishop had her left arm and side much injured by a fall in the Charleston Theatre on the night of the 19th ult., the cord of the car in which she was being drawn as the Goddess of Liberty breaking.

☞ A Berlin paper contains the account of a secret club, who have bound themselves to exert all their power towards effecting the establishment of a general republic of all nations. It states that in Germany no less than 2,000 Democratic clubs are in connection with them and act in concert.

☞ The mail was stolen from the stage between Chesterfield, N. H., and Brattleboro', Vt., on the 10th ult. No trace of it has yet been discovered or of the robbers.

☞ Dr. Tuthill Massey [*Medical Times*] describes the Irish Phoenician girl: "How pure, how calm, how heavenly she looks; her jet black hair twisted to the back; her open forehead, full, dark eye, beaming blushing countenance. How gracefully that uneducated bare foot steps out."

☞ La Democratique Pacifique says that there are now seven large vessels at Bordeaux bound for California, and that above 1,000 persons have secured passages.

☞ A bread-making machine has been exhibited in Glasgow, which makes superior bread, performing the labor of many men. It is to be patented.

☞ It is said that Mrs. Butler has already realized $16,000 by her Shakspeare readings.

☞ Punch, in his Parliamentary Dictionary, defines a *comprehensive measure*, to be a measure that will take every body in.

☞ Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree, while the others are in distress, "Let him," as old Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

☞ Louis the Eighteenth used to say that punctuality is the politeness of kings. A pendant to this remark was that of Madame de Souza, that cleanliness is the elegance of the poor.

☞ Louis Napoleon has been told by General Changarnier that he must not ramble about Paris at night, or he will be assassinated.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South Western States assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, E. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Onondaga.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c. No. 40 Ann Street, New York City.*
HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE & Co., No. 24 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

Among the many blessings attendant upon improvements in the social condition, and the advances of our race in intelligence, is the prolongation of human life. With the increase of intelligence has grown up a knowledge for the elements of health, and a regard for them, and commensurately with the strides of science have we acquired the means of arresting disease and averting its ravages. Notwithstanding the progress we have made, statistics show that even now, one-sixth of the whole population die annually of consumption.

One of the most important discoveries of the age, in ameliorating the condition of this large class of suffering humanity, is

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

What time establishes and consecrates, what experience adopts and confirms, what all men in all places unite in saying is good and valuable, is, no doubt a popularity of this sort fixes in society its roots so deep and so strong that time cannot destroy it. The success which has attended this medicine for several years past, have overcome the prejudices of all respectable men, and the article has taken a stand among the first class of discoveries and blessings of the age, and when resorted to in season, eradicates the disease for which it is recommended.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Caution.—*The original and only genuine* Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively *counterfeited*. Remember, *the original and only genuine article always bears the written signature of* I. Butts on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 204 North Second street, Philadelphia.

And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. No. 24 South Third Street. Philadelphia, April 7, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	[illegible]
Girard do.	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	[illegible]
York	[illegible]
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	[illegible]
Carlisle	[illegible]
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	[illegible]
Pittsburg	[illegible]
Waynesburg	[illegible]
Washington	[illegible]
Erie	[illegible]
Susquehanna county	[illegible]
Lebanon	[illegible]
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	[illegible]
Harrisburg	[illegible]
West Branch	[illegible]
Wyoming	[illegible]
Middletown	[illegible]
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	[illegible]
Relief notes	[illegible]
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	[illegible]
M. Hope, Del Bridge	[illegible]
Yard Del Bridge co.	[illegible]
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	[illegible]
Mineral bank	[illegible]
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	[illegible]
Cumberland	[illegible]
Washington county	[illegible]
Hagerstown	[illegible]
Havre-de-Grace	[illegible]
Far and Mil bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	[illegible]
NEW YORK.	
City banks	[illegible]
Canal bk, Albany	[illegible]
Tonawanda	[illegible]
Oswego	[illegible]
Millers', Clyde	[illegible]
James bank	[illegible]
Atlas bank	[illegible]
State bk—Saugerties	[illegible]
Northern Ex. bk	[illegible]
Country banks	[illegible]

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	[illegible]
All solvent banks	[illegible]
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch	[illegible]
Far. Bk. & branch	[illegible]
Valley Bk. & branch	[illegible]
Ex. Bk. & branch	[illegible]
Wheeling	[illegible]
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
Small notes	[illegible]
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West R. R.	[illegible]
All solvent banks	[illegible]
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	[illegible]
Central Bk. of Mill.	[illegible]
Georgia R R Co.	[illegible]
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	[illegible]
All solvent banks	[illegible]
Small notes	[illegible]
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	[illegible]
Country banks	[illegible]
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	[illegible]
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	[illegible]
Com. Bk. of Scioto	[illegible]
All solvent banks	[illegible]
Small notes	[illegible]
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
Small notes	[illegible]
INDIANA.	
State bank	[illegible]
Small notes	[illegible]
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	[illegible]
State bank	[illegible]
Bank of Cairo	[illegible]
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	[illegible]
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	[illegible]
Farmers' & Mech's	[illegible]
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	[illegible]
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	[illegible]
Bank of Milwaukie	[illegible]
IOWA.	
[illegible]	[illegible]

ALMANAC.

April 1849.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
7 Saturday,	5 37	6 31	2 5	
8 Sunday,	5 35	6 25	2 42	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	5 34	6 26	3 27	
10 Tuesday,	5 33	6 27	4 12	First 1 6 49
11 Wedn'sday,	5 31	6 29	4 57	Full 8 7 50
12 Thursday,	5 30	6 30	5 44	Last 16 7 28
13 Friday,	5 29	6 31	6 32	New 24 8 58
14 Saturday,	5 28	6 32	7 19	First 31 1 53

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 25,	54	56	54
26,	41	44	45
27,	33	34	34
28,	40	43	45
29,	49	57	59
30,	54	58	60
31,	57	67	73

Marriages.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Edward Deschamp, to Miss Rebecca M. Delaney, both of Kensington.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. John Apple, Mr. David Kipperly, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 29th ult. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. Abraham Hexter, of Schuylkill county, Pa. to Miss Augusta Strouse, of New York.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bruen, William J. Clark, M. D. of Indiana county, Pa. to Miss Sarah C. daughter of the late Wm. Mackey, Esq. of Georgetown, D. C.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Joshua Yeager, Mr. John Walp, to Miss Christiana E. Keim, both of Bethlehem, Pa.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, Mr. Charles S. Bailey, to Miss Harriet Walton, daughter of Bertle Shee, Esq. all of this city.

On the 2[illegible] ult. by the Rev. Wm. L. Dennis, Mr. William V. Holby, to Miss Charlotte H. Worrell, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. John A. Campbell, to Elizabeth Tutthill, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th ult. by the Rev. A. Bower, Mr. Alexander Baxter, to Miss Elizabeth A. Garven.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Simon Watson, to Susan Cobb, all of this city.

On the 10th of Jan. by Ald. Wm. G. Conrow, Mr. Henry O. Maurel, to Miss Adlina C. Degroot, both of this city.

On the 22d of Nov. last, by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. James T. Spicer, Jr. to Miss Anne T. Spicer, both of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the same, Mr. James McCabe, to Miss Jemima Watkins, both of this city.

On the 2d ult. at the White Hall Hotel, No. 285 Market street, Philadelphia, by Alderman J. Mitchell, Samuel Gu[illegible] Jr. to Mary A. Gu[illegible], both of West Chester, Chester county, Pa.

On the 22d ult. by the same, Michael Johnson, to Ann Montgomery, both of Philadelphia city.

On the 29th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, Joseph E. Dixon, to Martha A. daughter of George Thomas.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. John Shields, Mr. William McCafferty, of Delaware county, to Miss Susan McIlvain of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 22d ult. at Trenton, New Jersey, Mrs. Catharine B. Stone, wife of Professor Chas. S. Stone, and daughter of Fowler Dickens, late of this city.

On the 27th ult. John Penny, aged 34 years.

On the 2[illegible] ult. James S. Cain.

On the 29th ult. Sarah Ann, daughter of Christian and Sarah J. Eckert, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Margaret Mason, aged 79.

On the 30th ult. Mr. L. T. Miller, aged 43 years.

On the 30th ult. Thomas, son of Thomas and Margaret Dugan, aged 7 years.

On the 29th ult. Wm. H. Sleeper, aged 27 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. William Wood, aged 60.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Henry Chambers, aged 31.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Margaret B. Smith, aged 24.

On the 29th ultimo, Henry Emery, a native of the Rhine Province of Prussia, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ult. William Bradfield, aged 40.

On the 19th ult. James, son of James and Mary Sparks, aged 10 months.

On the 28th ult. Mary Bales, aged 76 years.

On the 27th ult. Richard Montier, aged 79 years.

On the 28th ultimo, at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Spruce Jordan.

On the 28th ult. Caroline West, daughter of Wm. and Martha Montgomery, aged 13 months.

On the 29th ult. Rebecca, daughter of George and Helen Megee, aged 19 months.

On the 29th ult. Geo. Washington, son of the late Daniel and Elizabeth Adams, aged 5 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Sarah McClees, aged 63.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Mary Nangel, aged 75.

On the 29th ult. Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Thos. and Ann Moore, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 27th ult. Robert M. Hetl, aged 32 years.

On the 27th ult. Ann Jane, daughter of John and Eliza Rankin, aged 13 years and 2 months.

In New York city, on the 28th ult. Daniel Appleton, Senior member of the firm of D. Appleton & Co. Booksellers.

On the 27th ult. Marlon Hutchinson, son of Wm. F. and Elizabeth Kunning.

On the 28th ult. Henry Bermond, son of Wm. and Jane L. Quayle, Vocalist, aged 2 years and 8 months.

In Burlington, on the 28th ult. Benjamin Quicksall, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ult. William L. son of Samuel and Sarah J. Reed, aged 3 years.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. Matilda Duff, aged 38.

On the 20th ult. Samuel L. Phillips, aged 28.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 24th to the 30th March.

[illegible]

THE LADIES' WORK TABLE BOOK.

A WORK EVERY LADY SHOULD POSSESS.

CONTAINING clear and practical instructions in all kinds of plain and fancy Needle Work, Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, and Crochet Work, with 67 engravings, illustrative of the various stitches in those useful and fashionable employments, making one fine volume of 188 pages, printed on the finest white paper, neatly done up in handsome covers—price 50 cents.

"This is one of the most useful and instructive books for a lady ever published, and one that should be in the hands of every family in the land. Send by all means, and get it at once."—[From a Review of the work.]

Any person in the country can have a copy of the above work sent them by return of mail, free of postage, on remitting the amount for it to the Publisher, in a letter, post paid.

Published this day, and for sale wholesale or retail, by T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ Editors of Newspapers throughout the country, copying the above three times, (including this notice,) and sending a copy of their paper, marked, to the publisher, shall have a complete copy of the work sent them by return of mail. ap7 2t

INFORMATION WANTED.—Amos D. Krewson is very anxious to learn something of the fate of his Sister Rebecca. Rebecca Krewson, was in Philadelphia about 13 years ago and was married to William Morrison. Mr. Morrison was engaged in an iron foundry at the time alluded to. Shortly after they moved to New Castle, Pa. A. D. Krewson (her brother) moved to Ohio. She was the daughter of John and Amy Krewson.

Any information respecting her will be very thankfully received. Address, AMOS D. KREWSON, Preston Post Office, Hamilton county, Ohio. ap7 2t

A STATED meeting of the "Association for the Relief and Employment of Poor Women" will be held at the rooms, No. 34 Green street, on 7th day, the 7th of 4th mo., at 3 o'clock P. M. LYDIA LONGSTRETH, Sec.

WM. S. McILHENNEY, M. D., SURGEON DENTIST, No. 388 CHESNUT street, opposite the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES. Profes'r, N. L. Chapman, Profes'r Saml. Jackson, Robert Hare, Jas. R. Rodgers, Wm. Gibson, Wm. McClintock, Wm. E. Horner, Doctor Casper Morris.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,50
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00
Payment is required in advance.	

PAPER HANGINGS,

No. 115 CHESNUT STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of ISAAC PUGH & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say that as we have a large factory and manufacture our own Papers, we can warrant them equal in any respect to any that can be produced in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

N. B. Orders from country merchants and others from any part of the country promptly attended to.

HART, MONTGOMERY & Co., No. 115 Chesnut street. ap7 1y

NOTICES FROM RELIGIOUS PAPERS OF

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The March number of this superb monthly is now spread before us. As a literary work for the ladies, we are sure we cannot speak too highly in its praise. Godey, assisted by the matchless Grace Greenwood, and a host of other inimitable writers of the present age, has done more, we firmly believe, than any other monthly periodical or magazine publisher in the Union, to disseminate a sound and pure literature. Many of the elegant and instructive, as well as amusing articles we have read during the last year, and often in the hearing of the truly pious, who with ourselves have found profit and pleasure in their richness and pureness. The Lost Dove, an exquisite mezzotinto, is beyond description rich. This single picture will afford to the contemplative mind the material for hours of reflection. Fourteen other rich embellishments are in this single number. Godey has our best wishes that his elegant Lady's Book may ever resemble a stream of crystal water gushing from a lofty and pure fountain, enriching and fertilizing the plains and valleys far and wide.—*Va. Baptist Recorder.*

Godey's Lady's Book.—We were not a little delighted to find this truly magnificent magazine among our exchanges this week. We believe it is not surpassed in artistical beauty and embellishments, by any publication of a similar sort. The February number contains eighty-four pages, and more than a dozen engravings. Fashion plates, music, poetry, prose, &c. This is emphatically a Lady's Book, and every lady who has the means should patronise it. It is edited by two of the most accomplished of our country women, Mrs. Hale and Grace Greenwood.—*Texas Presbyterian.*

Lady's Book for March.—This number, in its artistic embellishment and mechanical execution, is fully equal to the two preceding numbers. It is an elegant and tasty work.—*Va. Religious Herald.*

Godey's Lady's Book for March contains twenty-four extra pages, three superb engravings, and some thirty cuts, with articles from forty-five contributors, and a page of music. The proprietor says it is the most costly number he has issued. Godey publishes a very popular magazine.—*Methodist Protestant.*

Godey is in advance of the time in issuing this number; and the number is in advance of everything in the form of a magazine it has ever been our fortune to witness. The engravings are interesting, and they are in the best style of the art. The cover presents a beautiful view of the seasons of the Year, and the title page also exhibits a striking representation of the Seasons of Humanity. The literary contents are in character with the engravings, various and well written, on subjects grave and gay; and able both to interest and gratify. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent.—*Va. Christian Advocate.*

Godey's Lady's Book for March.—The March number of this elegant monthly contains twenty-four extra pages, thirty five distinct engravings of high merit, a piece of music, and its pages are supplied by forty-five contributors. This shows a vast amount of enterprise on the part of our periodical literature, to which this magazine is a distinguished ornament.—*S. C. Christian Advocate.*

Godey's Lady's Book.—The January number of this popular and long established favorite magazine is already upon our table. It is impossible to speak of it in any other than terms of commendation.—*Me. Christian Freeman.*

Godey's Lady's Book.—The January number of this periodical was so rich and beautifully illustrated, that we supposed it would prove the best of the volume; but the February number shows that there is no falling off in the ornamental department. Its contents are adapted to the lovers of light literature.—*N. Y. Christian Observer.*

Godey's Lady's Book has been received. It is a splendid number, and gives assurance of continual improvement by its energetic and talented conductors, whose paper already stands at the head of the list of the fashionable literary productions of the land.—*Va. Christian Intelligencer.*

Godey's Lady's Book for 1849, is truly a book of beauty and elegance, surpassed by nothing of the kind as a rich and attractive gift book for the season. The engravings on the cover are truly admirable, and "The Tableaux of Life," the embellishments of the title page, containing four designs, descriptive of infancy, youth, maternal care, and old age, and specimens of twenty two different flowers, is a rich model of grace and beauty, most tastefully combined. This number also contains several other highly finished embellishments, which will be admired, and comprises some thirty contributions for the grave and the gay, from the pens of popular and gifted writers.—*Pa. Christian Observer.*

Godey's Lady's Book.—L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Three Dollars per annum. The December number of this work is before us. It is an uncommon number, containing no less than seventy-two pages, with articles from five-and-thirty contributors. Small and great, there are thirty-one engravings, some of them really exquisite. In the way of embellishments, at least, Godey is far in advance of all competitors.—*Canada Christian Guardian.*

We trust that the above notices will satisfy the most scrupulous that GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is well received by the members of all the religious denominations in this country.

TERMS.

1 copy, 1 year, with premiums,	$3
2 copies, " "	5
3 " " "	6
4 " " "	10
13 " " "	20

Single copies 25 cents.

Address, L. A. GODEY, [illegible]

SPRING FASHIONS.

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

☞ *This Paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar City Weeklies.* ☜

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		$5.00
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

Salem, Ohio, took the premium last year, with only 120 subscribers.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

THE BRIGHTEST GEM!
1849.

"GRAHAM'S" AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Leading Periodical in America.

THIS popular and unrivalled Magazine, under the editorial charge of G. R. GRAHAM, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER and J. BAYARD TAYLOR, will commence a New Volume with the January number, in a style of unsurpassed excellence and beauty. No specimen that has ever yet issued from the Magazine Press, will at all compare with it, WHEN ITS SIZE, THE NUMBER AND QUALITY OF ITS EMBELLISHMENTS, AND THE CHARACTER OF ITS LITERARY CONTENTS are taken into consideration.

We are not given to boasting, but we do promise to the patrons of "Graham's Magazine," when we enter upon the new volume, something that all will admit to be far superior to anything they have ever had,—and, what is more, we intend that the excellence that marks [illegible]

TREES, ETC.—The subscriber has for sale at his Nurseries, near Burlington, New Jersey, a general assortment of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees, &c., which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. Any person wishing particulars can have a catalogue containing names of [illegible] by addressing the subscriber (postage paid). GEORGE B. DEACON. mar10-tf

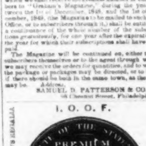
TO PRINTERS.—FOR SALE. A DOUBLE CYLINDER, DOUBLE MEDIUM PERFECTING [illegible]

A PREMIUM OFFER!

THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.



[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

FROM SAXTON'S MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the measure of Time,
The moments of thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown?
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known?

Perhaps the sands of the Israelites
Were mingled and passed o'er,
When into Egypt, from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, bared and bare,
Trampled it down with their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ at Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope or love and faith
Beamed the wilderness;

Or motherless homesick Ishmaelite's palms
Parting the desert sea,
And staging alone their old Armenian psalms
In bell-glass harmonies;

Or couriers, that from Hassem's gate
With camels passed away,
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in prayer.

These have passed over it, or may have passed
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand so fast,
It cannot be passing hour.

And as I gaze, these seem slowly to expand
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand
Its unbridged sky;

And borne aloft by the restraining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And eastward, and across the setting sun,
Across the homeless place,
The column and its tender shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These wrecks again
Shut out the lateral sun,
Slowly the shadowy spectre disappears:
The half hour's send is run!

The Essapist.

PROPOSALS FOR A REFORM IN LIGHT LITERATURE.

It seems to be confessed that the great difficulty of the age with respect to light literature is to produce anything new. All the styles and modes of composition have been again and again used, the Udolpho-romantic, the horrible, the sentimental, the criminal, the eleverish, the how I ran away from my mother, the cut and wrecklies. We know every kind of character that is to be introduced, and every kind of conjuncture that can ruffle the course of supposititious events, and feel, before we advance twenty pages, that it is all a twice told tale. *Chacun sien*, we declare we have seen all that before, and turn away from the proffered meal with disgust, albeit perhaps raging with the sacred hunger of amusement. It has occurred to us that nothing will be done in this way, short of one of those extraordinary circumstances, and we proceed to lay our scheme before a discerning public.

It may be thought a bold idea, as so far as perfectly new; but the longer we reflect upon it, it appears to us the more plausible that no serious might after all, make something of nonsense as she is. Many of serious might no doubt be sad stuff when it not so, we should not have had novelists neglecting the truth of actual human life so long. In the desire to ad exigency of novelty, some one would have pitched upon the idea of it had appeared readily workable. Still, let us calmly consider. The nature of such a deep virgin soil could not be attended with a grand spring crop, too. Surely some of the new plants would prove useful. If not for the community at large, for the kitchen. It would be very strange if something could not be made of them. But let us at once come to particulars.

It is, for instance, a horrid stupidity the constant straining to bring about a marriage between two commonplace young people, with which the curtain may at last be allowed to drop, happen as one never cares about the silly love affair in them at all, and end the third volume by representing the principal parties as sitting down to dinner instead of going to go to church. In actual life one does not find that marriage is quite such a matter of the common lessons, or that thing for which every other thing is to be sacrificed. We do not find that all the weekly people of our acquaintance are in a ferment of anxiety to get united or be life in Hymen's bands. On the contrary, if we do make up our mind to the venture, we often find those worthy people in some anxiety as to how the affair may turn out. A lady's temper is probably discussed in a dispassionate manner; or we can seek advice for housekeeping may be maffle of solicitude. At all events, a calm hope may be expressed that we shall have the wind in the course of our life for the benefit of our offspring. Now, such being the manner of nature, why should not romantically keep by the spine as is fiction? Let us try a novel for once without a marriage-able heroine, or one who despises matrimony as an object to live for. There are women who scorn the idea of being thought under any anxiety for an establishment; and why would prefer eternal spinsterhood to an alliance brought about by manœuvring. Let us see such a person described in fiction. She could not fail to tell, from her mere cavalry in that situation.

It is, again, a very tiresome thing in novels, as at present written, that every person introduced into them must be described as of a certain fixed character, according to one and were in the designation of which we have, for example, if a boarding-school keeper is to be amongst the dramatic person, then that person must be a paragon of dogmatic pedantry, false pretension, and heartless cruelty. The male boarding-school keeper must be an awful fellow in red-fustianed black attire, with threatening, bushy eyebrows, and that Herculean strength which enable him to exercise his own sentences upon the shrewsies of the boys; the lady boarding-school keeper a concentration of wiseger, vinegar and deadly staff shade, with a figure like those which flourish in low taleshops, a bonnet formed of the slightest tincture of the milk of human kindness. The pupils of both must regularly detest them as a matter of course. Parents and guardians are the unsuspecting victims of a system by which there is no more to be said or instruction than there is humanity. I cannot, on my ground, see how the public is to be amused by characters thus formed in an of old models, which never were very good at the first, and have at length become so atrocious as an Act-Lottery engineering. I propose selling the truth as a variety which, others parlor, must be more interesting. As in the case of people who keep boarding-schools, every one knows there are many who, so far from being fiends in human shape, are worthy people, performing a duty of great seriousness and responsibility with much zeal and care, often with very inadequate remuneration, and seldom with a regards of kind consideration appertaining that which they had incurred in their people. Suppose we were to have portrait of to be "a way of things, a real boarding-school keeper of the main run, crossed like other people, and rather attentive to, and popular with, his pupils. Would it not be a good thing at once fresh and refreshing? There might be plenty of innocent schemanations about him, to give him a relish—for we will not be found the order of nature. Or let us for once have a fine, generous, clever, good-looking and genial woman, in charge of a flourishing school. We know such in life—why should they not be in novels? Anyhow, it's not at least to done with the stereotyped polacks and vinegars. Some fancy sometimes, that we never had an existence, except to fancy, and whom one sees coming on in the advancing pages as one goes on entering your novel, as or hear him sending his name up-stairs.

Certain persons are not only always of certain characters, but they are always in the same represented as in a certain fixed categories of circumstances. Every young author comes to London with a tragedy in his pocket, and finds the booksellers tapping him the cold shoulder. Now, in the world of fact, many poor authors do not venture on a tragedy, and no inconsiderable number get work from publishers as soon as they are fit for it, if not before. Is novels, an author is always a shabby-looking person, of excessive volubility, living in a garret. In fact there are many authors who live in handsome houses, and treat their friends to champagne suppers. In novels, they are always getting into wretchedness, because they may merit finds not a st of consideration. In fact, we hear occasionally of a successful novelist, whose income for several years has exceeded that of the Right Honorable Prime Minister or the American President, though somehow his fine remarkable fame did not, by the usual *fiat* of genius, to seek the protection of the court. Would it not be a capital thing to see if we as a well-paid, well-dressed author, whom one could sincerely dis ingenish from a man of high birth and large fortune, even in the particulars of his "difficulties?" Let us have in a novel a man who writes a novel, and let us have an author who, in respect of bookishness, in his dreamier instead of the dreisses. The freshness of such a character is to follow what makes my book sell. Or give us his ancient ones! I live in the new aspect of an honest man, who scarcely can keep his own amid the clamors of a set of insatiable literateurs, and we will give them to see that he is not always a bloodless. An author instance—a governess in fiction is always a bold-faced woman of excessive vivacity and with a shabby unhappy expression, solitary amidst society, and never asked to drink wine. There may in the real world governesses who are exceedingly well treated; some who even take a lead in family matters; and a few who are even asked lately, on account of their irresistible eloquence and forwardness; and a rare number who are strongly warmed of good sense, solicitous to perform their duty in the first places, and only to think of little matters of personal comfort in the second. Now let us have for once in fiction a sensible, cool, good governess. Let us have a real flesh-and-blood governess of this world, and not the fashions monster in a continual nervous tension of fear and excitement, whose body must feel how delightfully new such a character would be to the world of the novel being library, and what a chance it would have, in comparison with her ideal congener.

Readers in fiction might also remember the propriety of taking somewhat more truthful views of the merits of various sections of society. Suppose that some one were to treat the subject one day to a tale in which rich people and people of land were the principal figures, and appearing in the common virtues of humanity. In actual life, they have, as a class, these fault of not seeing, as it were, to see be for nothing that the wearers of good clothes, and the possessors of study is that is for the or elsewhere, are called respectable people. Why should we not, then, have a few characters of the upper class in novels who could regard without a mere choice between infidelity and execution? A lord who was not a fool, or a rose, or an object of all kinds; a lord, would be a charming novelty in fiction. It might be rash to give full allowance to such worth and good sense to the people of the Red Book all at once, for perhaps here the public of novels might see something of a wee bit of dreamt intellect and good meaning might be given by way of a first experiment, and then we could go on to more by degrees. It must be confessed that wealth as not necessarily connected with the commonplace and literary, but there is also a corresponding precedure with respect to the lower class of characters. We are tired of no-sense clowns of all that is bad and brutal. Some fail in persons who might be expected from circumstances to be so, in the shape of a poor boy should be. Robbers, with wonderful impulses towards argillite excellence, are decidedly worn out. The popular taste is for clean figures from humble life, with remarking like that which we have in the novels of Miss Mitford. I feel perfectly clear in saying that I should be glad to see a few of such in fiction, and would be like a new world opened up to the powers of the universe. Even with inferior writing this would tell immensely with fair talent in the artist, nothing could stand against it. I believe it would be the very right stand out for a good many years, perhaps for the whole of our own time. If it then began to fail in its effect, it would be for posterity to devise something as good.

Miscellaneous.

SERMON-MANUFACTURE IN ENGLAND.

In England there are persons—generally de pious clergymen or, at any rate, of a serious and religious turn—who make a trade of writing sermons for ministers of the Episcopal Church, who themselves are incapable of writing one for the time—for hunting, attending race courses, &c. A good composer can command about five Pounds (fifty dollars) per sermon—and the latter, it is well affirmed tha, as to his living comes, by bitterness, he can write a sermon in a quarter of an hour.

There are many of these "sermon manufacturers" in the country, some of them realizing from twenty to thirty pounds per year by the business. No matter what are their private feelings, they must write a sermon to suit the views of the party that buys it. Some of them are clergymen—if they call but write sermons according to the doctrines and the Church, and they are tolerably well written, so as to be read without difficulty, they are sure to find external sale of their wares. Rev. Dr. Pusey used to perform a good many years ago by having a few sermons of a sermon composed by him expressed on a set principle, from which he made a great many impressions and sold them at a high price to clergymen of opposite views, and them to their congregations as their own.

The eccentric but pious Rev. Rowland Hill, (said, in Village Discourses, page 17, 1827,) a pretty accurate illustration of the danger of strong theological opinions, and of the evil to which the Professor so nobly perpetrated a gift. —Christ.

POLITENESS.—Rev. Mr. ——— had travelled far to preach in a congregation at ———. After the sermon he waited very patiently, expecting to be asked home to dinner, but no one asked him. He was disappointed. One after another departed, until the house was almost empty, and all the ministers were invited to dinner. In the last he